verdure is brilliant, and the present hills form a light blue ridge along the horizon.

The I4th Regiment being quartered at the city of St. Joseph enlivens our prospect, as some scarlet coat or other is always galloping along our lemon hedges, which hedges smell divinely when clipped, especially in the nights and mornings.

The other day I wandered up a neighbouring opening in the mountains for a mile or two, crossing our river Aracagua, or some such name, and, winding through the forest, came to some plantations of sugar, coffee and cotton. The features of the view are gigantic, and sublimely beautiful.

I have begun a *Flora Trinidadensis*, and have already got five flowers in it. There are more flowering shrubs here than low plants, but still great varieties of the latter. Everything is enormously dear here: nine guineas a month for our wooden house, three shillings for a hen, and so forth.

The flat land in view belongs to Governor Picton, who comes out every Monday, and we

are going to dine there to-day. Trinidad is what I fancy Britain to have been before the Romans came—forests opened in strait lines, rivers choked